TOBACCO SECRETS.

Turkish and Virginian Leafs Are Varieties of the Same Plant.

How many people even among the most confirmed smokers know what is the difference between Turkish and Virginia tobaccos?

The smoker, of course, can tell you which is which at the first whiff, but if you ask him what the original distinction is between the two he will tell you that one comes from Turkey and the other from the States.

He is wrong. You could grow Turkish and Virginia tobaccos in the same field, for they are merely two different varieties of the same plant. Turkish is the leaf of Nicotiana rustica, while Virginia is Nicotiana augustipolia. Of course the two are often blended by tobacconists.

Again, what constitutes the difference between "strong" and "mild" tobaccos? It is simple enough. The strong product is so manufactured that it burns slowly, the result being that the contained nicotine is distilled in an unaltered state. Mild tobaccos are those which burn well, and thus their contained nicotine is consumed or decomposed, with the result that a less narcotic smoke is formed.

We often hear cheap cigars spoken of as "cabbage leaves," and doubtless many people believe that these are actually adulterated with other substances than tobacco. Often in such a weed the outside wrapper is noticed to be patched with pale green, and this fact is held proof of the cabbage leaf libel. The piece of greenish leaf is real tobacco which has been plucked unripe or not properly cured. It is only to be found in thin, poor leaf.—London Express.

USE OF FRENCH WORDS.

A Practice That Does Not Help the English Language.

Why do people persist in using French words when there are good old English words to serve the purpose? It is a habit that is growing daily. For instance, at dinner people give you "menu" instead of "bill of fare," though the items are such English dishes as boiled cod, roast beef and apple tart. One is accommodated with a serviette instead of a napkin, an English word, but originally of French origin, as is the Scotch word napery, used for household linen. When you enter a shop you are served with corsets instead of stays, costumes by a costumiere instead of dresses by a dressmaker. "Blouses" take the place of shirts or waists, and hose are offered for stockings. The former word is, however, English. At the theater we have programmes instead of playbills and matinees in place of afternoon performances. Toques are adjusted with as much ease as hats, and we eat in a restaurant as cheerfully as in a dining room. There are, of course, untranslatable words which must be used, but our good old English language is rapidly becoming a hotchpotch of foreign words, while telegraphy is doing its best to oust all the crisp and racy Saxon speech. Whenever possible let us determine to use an English instead of a French word, both in literature and conversation.—London Graphic.

Fines For Church Shirkers.

After being dormant for some years the act (3 Jas. I. c. 4. 1606) which provided that any person absenting himself from his church on a Sunday without sufficient excuse should be fined twelvepence for each absence and imprisoned in default of distress on his goods until the fine was paid was revived in 1838. A report of the inspectors of prisons contains a list of eleven persons in Lancashire fined and imprisoned under the act between Feb. 12, 1839, and May 10, 1840. In one case a laborer was in prison for ten weeks (until released by order of the home secretary) after being convicted in a penalty of 1 shilling, with 14 shillings costs, for having been absent from church a single Sunday. This act was repealed, so far as regards Roman Catholics, in 1844, and wholly in 1846. —London Chronicle.

What We Get

If I am asked the question, "Do we get our deserts?" I will boldly answer, 'No, we don't, and we never shall, speaking of humanity as a whole and taking account of the preponderating multitudes to whom life is only another word for misery." But if I am asked, 'Do we get what is best for us?" I say, 'Yes, always and everywhere, taking our lives through and through, and having account not merely for our material, but also for our spiritual welfare."—Hall Caine.

Yankee Assurance.

Irritated Frenchman (to American who has mistaken him for a waiter)—Sir-r, you haf gr-r-rossly insulted me! There is my card! My seconds vill vait upon you, sir-r-r! American—Never mind your seconds, Frenchy. You can wait on me just as well. Pass me the worcestershire sauce, and be quick about it!

Had His Own Doubts.

"Say, ma," asked little Willie after he had been in conjunction with the paternal slipper, "did anybody besides pa ever ask you to be his wife?"

"Oh, yes; I had lots of proposals before your father came along."

"Well, do you think you gained anything by waiting?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fine Drawn.

"You will observe that this is a very fine point."

"It ought to be. You've strained it enough."—Cleveland Leader

THE WILD BOAR.

Full of Courage and Cunning and Never Loses His Head.

The wild boar never loses his head—or his heart. Such courage I have never beheld in any four footed creature. He has all the cunning commonly accredited to his Satanic majesty and in his rage is a demon that will charge anything of any size. I have seen a small boar work his way through a pack of dogs and his smaller brother, the peccary, in Brazil, send a man up a tree and keep him there.

The boar looks ungainly, but the Indian species is as fleet as a horse for about three-quarters of a mile. He begins wth flight, shifts to cunning and finally stands to the fight with magnificent courage, facing any odds. As, riding upon him, you are about to plant your spear, he will dart—"jink," as they call it in Inda—to one side, repeating the performance several times, until he finds he cannot shake you, when, turning suddenly, with ears cocked and eyes glittering, he will charge furiously. If not squarely met with a well aimed and firmly held spear, he will upset horse and rider. Hurling himself again and again against the surrounding spears, he will keep up his charge until killed, when he dies without a groan.—Outing.

JUMP FEVER.

A Sort of Mania That Sometimes Affects Engine Drivers.

In a party of locomotive engineers who were talking about old time fellow craftsmen reference was made to one old timer who had come to his death through "jump fever." "What's 'jump fever?'" inquired an outsider who was interested in the conversation. "'Jump fever,'" explained an engineer, "is a sort of hallucination that affects some engineers and leads them to leap from the cab to escape a supposed impending collision. It's mostly freight engineers that are affected. On long runs out west a freight engineer may be thirty-six hours at the throttle without much chance for rest owing to mishaps. He gets sleepy and dozes in the cab. All of a sudden he wakes up, but his faculties are scattered, and what with lightness of the head and the motion of the cab he gets an idea that a collision is about to happen. In a semiconscious state he dives out of his window, and the chances are he's a goner when he lands. The engineer we referred to had done the trick twice, but he was killed the third time out on the Santa Fe road."—Philadelphia Record.

VELOCITY OF ELECTRICITY.

Spark and Mirror Method by Which It Was Determined.

To determine the velocity of electricity a "spark board" was fitted with six insulated knobs in a straight line. The distance from 1 to 2 was the tenth of an inch, between 2 and 3 was a quarter of a mile of insulated wire, from 3 to 4 was again the tenth of an inch, between 4 and 5 was another quarter of a mile of wire, and between 5 and 6 was once more the tenth of an inch.

When the jar was discharged there were three sparks, one from 1 to 2, one from 3 to 4 and one from 5 to 6. It was found by viewing these in a rapidly revolving mirror that the image of the spark between 3 and 4, which could only be formed after the wire coils had been traversed, lagged a little behind the other two.

This displacement of the image was then measured, and as the velocity of the mirror was known the velocity of the electrical discharge was determined as 288,000 miles a second.

narrison's Rejoinder.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the saying of Benjamin Franklin as the group of anxious faced yet loyal men stood around to sign the immortal Declaration of Independence, "Now we must all hang together or we'll all hang separately." But the rejoinder of the signer, Benjamin Harrison, to the above witticism is not so well known. Harrison, a portly man, looking down over his ample proportions, replied, "Yes, but when they drop us off at a rope's end some of you lightweights will be kicking and suffering long after I'm done for."

Duty of a Cheerful Face.

To wear a cheerful face when the heart is aching is not deceit. When a good housekeeper cleans the front steps and porch before she sets the house to rights she does not mean to deceive passersby. She merely shows some pride in her house and some consideration for her neighbors. We conquer our heartaches more quickly when we begin by considering the friends who are near us.

Lucky to By ...ve.

Patient—Great Scott, doctor, that's an awful bill for one week's treatment! Physician — My dear fellow, if you knew what an interesting case yours was and how strongly I was tempted to let it go to a postmortem you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Unexpected.

"O'Rafferty is dead. He wuz sthruck by lightnin'."

"Oi's not surprised at all. The lasht toime Oi saw him he wuz lookin' mighty bad."

A Definition.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is an optimist? Mr. Callipers—An optimist, my son, is a person who doesn't care what happens if it doesn't happen to him.—Puck.

Whoever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it dreads it.—

SIGNS OF POISON.

What a Sudden Flow of Mouth Water May Indicate.

Dr. Trail mentions the bewilderment of a family that was attacked with a "water rage," incomprehensible until investigation revealed the fact that a lot of horseradish in their kitchen garden had got mixed with some aconite herbs.

The sudden flow of saliva betrays the effect of some metallic poison—lead perhaps or verdigris (oxide of copper)—and suggests the examination of copper cooking utensils. Old fashioned silver spoons were often imitated with plated copper and in course of time furnished a clew to their bottom facts by turning black, then black with greenish tints, but only after their secret had been intimated by a spitting epidemic. It is the same with lead. Chewing a leaden bullet for a couple of seconds makes the "mouth water"—not as a hint as a desire for additional supplies, but to rinse out the palate and remove saliva that might cause mischief by finding its way into the stomach.

A decorative painter who never touched such things as paris green or cinnabar without disinfecting his hands and mouth was greatly puzzled by the morbid activity of his salivary glands. He had to spit like a tobacco fiend and finally traced his trouble to a substance known as "bronze dust" that had settled on his lips and nostrils and, under the influence of moisture, had been developing copper poisons.

Paris green not rarely gets blown like dust all over the fields it is supposed to protect from insect plagues; then, moistened by dew or drizzling rains, forms a paste and clings to vegetable substances, where its presence is never suspected, till their consumers complain of colic and mouth water.—What To Eat.

Flow of Spirits in Youth.

How unaccountable the flow of spirits in youth. You may throw sticks and dirt into the current and it will only rise the higher. Dam it up you may, but dry it up you may not, for you cannot reach its source. If you stop up this avenue or that, anon it will come gurgling out where you least expected and wash away all fixtures. Youth grasps at happiness as an inalienable right. The tear does no sooner gush than glisten. Who shall say when the tear that sprung of sorrow first sparkled with joy?—H. D. Thoreau in Atlantic.

The Rose and Its Thorns.

This is the old legend of how the rose came by its thorns: One day in paradise Cupid was flying over a garden of roses. Blossoming there was a beautiful pink rose. Cupid bent to kiss it when a bee hidden in the flower stung him on the lip. Crying with pain, Cupid fled to Venus, his mother, demanding vengeance. Venus, to pacify him, gave him a bow strung with captive bees and set the stem of the rose with stings torn from the poor bees. These stings now are called thorns.